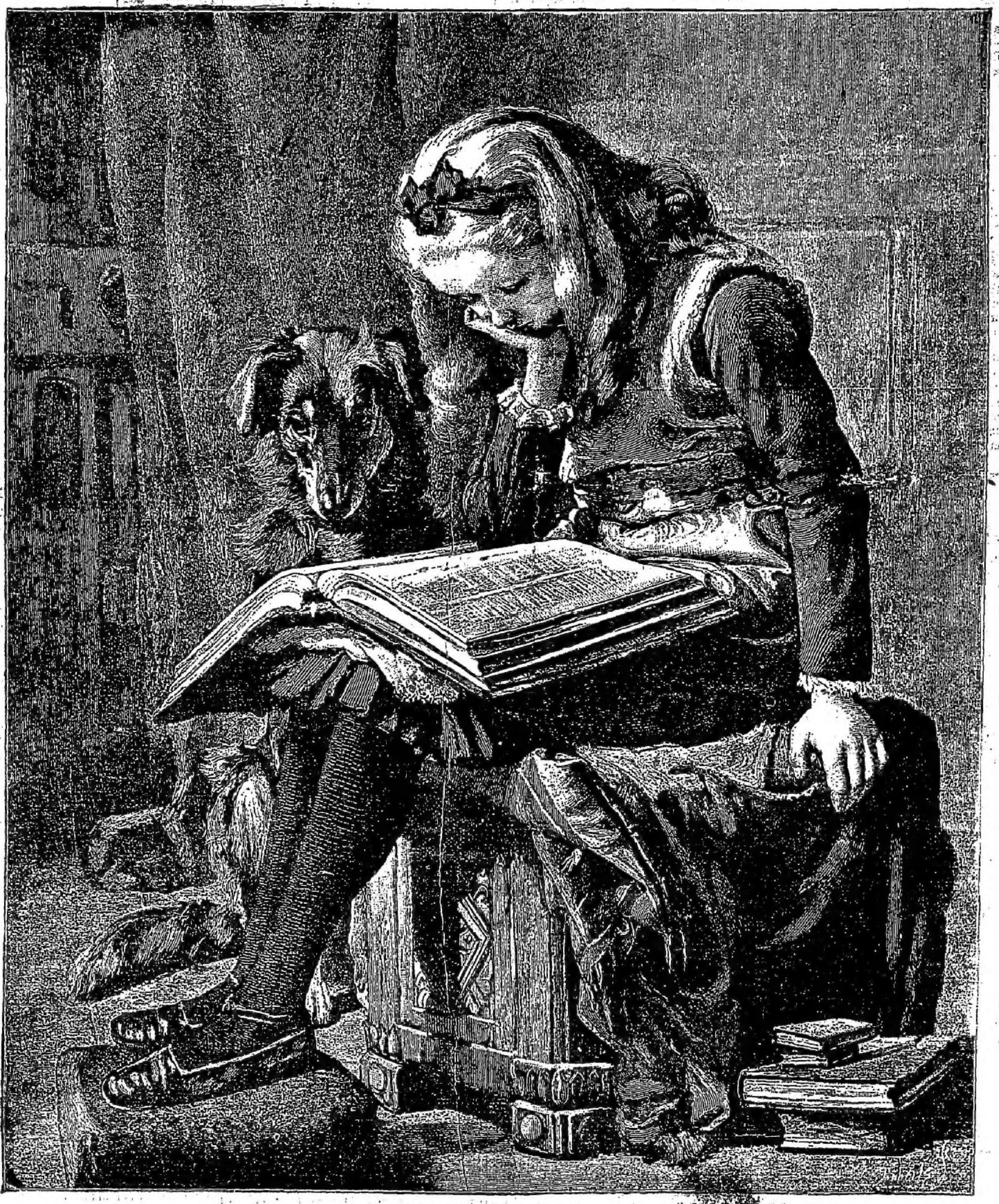
# NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 47 | MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1887. | 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

FELLOW-STUDENTS.

## HARBOR LIGHTS.

Supper was just ended in Mr. Sampson's home. It had not been a pleasant meal. Baby had cried for cake; Lenny had upset his mug of milk, and been sharply reproved by his father; the room did not wear a cheerful look, as seen by the one burner of the chandelier, and Mr. Sampson shivered as he arose from the table.

"Why don't you have a fire in the grate, Jenny?" he asked, impatiently.

"I thought it best not to make a litter," Mrs. Sampson replied. "The room is comfortable when the kitchen door is open."

Mr. Sampson lighted a cigar, and his remark about "misdirected economy," muttered between whiffs of smoke, was not heard by his wife. He went out into the dark hall, and the street door soon closed in a manner that indicated the ruffled temper of the master of the house.

The table was soon cleared, and the children gathered around with books and toys.

"Can't we have more light, mother?" asked Lilly. "The words are very small on this map."

Mrs. Sampson replied by turning the burner slightly, and soon after left the room with little Harry. Her evenings were seldom spent with the children. Harry must be coaxed to sleep, and the somewhat lengthy process usually produced drowsiness, to which she yielded. She had not slept long, however, when the unusual sound of the door-bell awakened her. She heard Mary open the door, and recognized the voice that inquired for her.

"It is Uncle Otis! I wish Tom were at home," she said, as she hastily prepared to go to her visitor.

Meanwhile, Captain Otis had followed the girl through the hall, lighted only by a glimmer that came from the half-opened door in the rear. The children had stopped their noisy game at the sound of the bell, but failed to recognize their visitor, for Captain Otis had not been a frequent guest at the house of his niece. He had scarcely time to notice the disorderly appearance of the room, before Mrs. Sampson entered. Her cordial greeting, and the light from an additional burner of the chandelier, failed to remove the cheerlessness that oppressed him.

Tom was not in, he was told; and it was not until the children had retired that he asked particularly for the father.

"What keeps Tom out so late? He surely can't have business at this hour," he said.

"He is at his club," replied Mrs. Sampson. "He is seldom at home in the evening."

"Tom at a club!" repeated Captain Otis. "Why does he go to a club?"

"I really can't say," replied Tom's wife. "He seems to enjoy it more than his home."

Captain Otis said no more, and another half-hour passed before his nephew's step was heard in the hall.

"I do wish you'd keep this hall lighted, Jenny," he called, as he stumbled over his visitor's valise. "I shall break my neck here some night."

Captain Otis scarcely recognized the impatient voice, so unlike the cheerful tones he had once known; but there was no mistake in the cordial greeting of his nephew. He seemed to bring new life into the room, as he bustled about, reducing to order books and chairs that the children had left in confusion. He lighted the fire in the grate, saying, half-apologetically, "We must have a fire, Jenn; the evening is decidedly chilly."

"Breakers ahead!" muttered Captain Otis, as he was left alone in his room. "Breakers ahead! and discord among the officers!"

Captain Otis spent the morning in attending to the business that had brought him to the city, and saw little of the family until they met at a late dinner. The large parlors were now open, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate; but the company air of the rooms and of the well-furnished table seemed no less oppressive to the family than to their guest. It was not until the second morning that he found opportunity for conversation with his niece, whose childhood had been passed in his family, and in whose welfare he had ever taken a deep interest. Tom had gone to his office; the children, after much confusion, had been made ready for school, when Mrs. Sampson, with a weary sigh, sank into her accustomed chair in the dining-room.

"Is the tide out, Jenny?" inquired Captain Otis.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Sampson. "The life-tide is going out, too."

"But the tide flows in again, and often brings treasures, you know."

"Not here; it brings only waves that threaten to overwhelm me. I do the best I can, uncle; but Tom and the boys are getting quite beyond me."

"The ship fails to obey the helm, eh?"

"We are among breakers, uncle; I don't know for what port we are making," replied Mrs. Sampson, using the phraseology familiar to her childhood.

"Jenny," said Captain Otis, "do you remember the ship that went ashore on the rocks in the harbor one night?"

"Yes, I remember; all on board were lost."

Do you remember the cause of the wreck? You were too young, perhaps, to know; the harbor lights were neglected that night, and the ship mistook false lights for the true. Every harbor, every home, should keep its lights trimmed and burning, else every soul may be lost. Have you never lighted yours, or have they burned out?"

"Harbor lights?" questioned Mrs. Sampson.

"When I made for this port," continued her uncle, "there was little to guide me; the outer harbor was dark, and the inner one not much better. It pays to attend to these things, niece. A well-lighted home is a beacon that lights the path of many a wanderer, and sometimes draws him back when he is steering another way. Tom is making for another shore; the boys may follow in his wake."

"I see what you mean, uncle," replied Mrs. Sampson. "You mean that the house was dark and cheerless."

"Yes, and that the electric light that dims all others, was not visible. It's the wife and mother that makes the home bright."

"But, uncle, I can't possibly keep awake in the evening; I am so exhausted, I usually fall asleep with Harry."

"And leave the children to spend the evening as they please, while Tom finds cheer elsewhere? You are making a mistake, niece; throw open your parlors every evening; keep the fire and the lights burning, and you'll be the happier."

"But gas bills are so heavy, I do not see how we can afford it."

"You can not afford not to do it. Do none of your friends come in to spend an evening with you?"

"Not now," replied Jenny; "and it is a long time since I've been able to invite company."

"Tom is so fond of company, I'm not surprised that he goes to a club to find it. Keep your lights bright, and perhaps he will steer clear of the rocks, and make port again."

Mrs. Sampson was startled by her uncle's words.

When Tom came home, he was welcomed by a bright light in the hall, and a glimpse of the parlor showed him a merry group of children gathered around their mother in the cheerful room.

"Hasn't Uncle Otis gone?" he inquired, in surprise.

"He went this morning," replied Mr. Sampson.

"See what he left us!" cried the children, displaying games suited to the evening fireside.

The tea-bell called them to the dining-room.

"How festive we look to-night," remarked Mr. Sampson, noting the unusual light that was reflected from silver that seldom appeared upon the table.

"Harbor lights always have reflectors," thought Mrs. Sampson, as she glanced at the happy faces gathered around the board.

"Butter tastes better from a silver butter-dish. Don't you think so, father?" asked Jamie.

"Yes, and tea from a silver teapot," he replied. "Better use them every day Jenny; they won't wear out in our day."

The children interested their father in the new games until the evening was well spent. Mrs. Sampson, by keeping Harry up another hour, was able to return soon to the palor, where she occupied herself with sewing, to prevent the usual drowsy feeling from overcoming her. The next evening, when Tom returned at a late hour from his club, he was surprised to find his wife and two older children awaiting him.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "What new leaf have you turned over?"

"I've only lighted my 'harbor lights,' Tom," replied Mrs. Sampson. "Uncle said our port was so dark that you and the boys were drifting towards another shore. Is it too late for you to change your course, dear Tom?"

"Please God, no!" replied Tom, energetically. "Uncle is right; we are in danger of making shipwreck. Keep the light bright, Jenny, and I'll steer straight for this port every time."—*Selected.*

---

THERE ARE TWO WAYS of ascertaining whether a reputed loaf of bread is really bread, or a reputed glass of water is water. One way is by chemical analysis; the other way is by eating and drinking. Upon the whole the common and experimental test is the more satisfactory and it is quite as scientific. Some people reach Christ by long and painful argumentation and searching into all the evidences of Christianity; while others simply take God at his word and come to an experimental knowledge of the truth and saving power of the Gospel. This is by far the better way. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good."—*Dr. Pentecost.*

---

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From Westminster Question Book.)*

### LESSON I.

JANUARY 1, 1888.] [MATT. 14: 1-12.

HEROD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 1: 5-23.—John's Birth Predicted.
T. Luke 1: 57-80.—The Prediction Fulfilled.
W. Luke 3: 1-18.—John's Preaching.
Th. John 1: 15-37.—John's Testimony to Jesus.
F. Matt. 11: 1-15.—Jesus' Testimony to John.
Sa. Matt. 14: 1-12.—Herod and John.
Su. Rev. 7: 9-17.—Out of Great Tribulation.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Troubled Conscience, vs. 1, 2.
II. A Faithful Preacher, vs. 3-5.
III. A Bloody Birthday, vs. 6-12.

TIME.—A.D. 29, winter or early spring. Tiberius Cæsar Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate Governor of Judea; Herod Antipas Governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—John the Baptist was put to death at Machærus, a fortress east of the Dead Sea, on the borders of Arabia. Herod's birthday feast was probably held in this fortress.

OPENING WORDS.

Herod Antipas, the murderer of John the Baptist, was the son of Herod the Great. By his father's will, with the consent of the Emperor Augustus, he became tetrarch of Galilee and Perea. He reigned from B.C. 4 to A.D. 39, when he was deposed and banished by Caligula. He died at Lyons, in France. Parallel passages, Mark 6: 14-29: Luke 9: 7-9.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. AT THAT TIME—while the twelve were absent on their mission. TETRARCH—literally, "the ruler of a fourth." V. 2. THIS IS JOHN THE BAPTIST—the suggestion of a guilty conscience. V. 3. IN PRISON—in the castle of Machærus, east of the Dead Sea. HERODIAS—a granddaughter of Herod the Great. She was first married to Philip, by whom she had a daughter, Salome, probably the one who danced before Herod. Herod divorced his wife and persuaded Herodius to leave her husband and live with him. V. 4. NOT LAWFUL—both Herod's wife and the husband of Herodias were still living. V. 5. WOULD HAVE PUT HIM TO DEATH—at the instigation of Herodias. Mark 6: 19-20. V. 6. HEROD'S BIRTHDAY—it was probably celebrated in the castle of Machærus. DANCED—alone, like the dancing-girls of the time; an indelicate and disgraceful act. (See Mark 6: 22.) V. 8. CHARGER—a large dish or platter. V. 9. WAS SORRY—"was grieved." FOR THE OATH'S SAKE—an oath which ought not to have been made, and which, when made, ought to have been broken. THEM WHICH SAT WITH HIM—they were probably hostile to John. V. 12. HIS DISCIPLES—John's disciple. TOOK UP THE BODY—which had, it would seem, been thrown out unburied.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many Herods are mentioned in the New Testament? What do you know of Herod the tetrarch? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses? The Catechism?

I. A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE, vs. 1, 2.—What did Herod hear? What did he say? Why did his conscience trouble him? Why is conscience a trouble to the wicked? How may we be free from such trouble? How should we try to live? Acts 23: 1; 24: 16; 2 Cor. 1: 12.

II. A FAITHFUL PREACHER, vs. 3-5.—For what sins had John reproved Herod? Who was Herodias? How did John suffer for his faithfulness? What prevented Herod from killing him at once?

III. A BLOODY BIRTHDAY, vs. 6-12.—What occurred on Herod's birthday? Who attended this feast? Mark 6: 21. What promise did Herod make? What did the girl ask? By whose advice? How did the request affect the king? What ought he to have done? What awful crime did he commit? How did John's disciples show their love for their master? What did they then do?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That an accusing conscience causes trouble to the guilty.
2. That Christ's ministers should be fearless and faithful in reproving sin.
3. That we should carefully avoid making rash and foolish promises.
4. That a promise to do wrong, if rashly made, ought always to be broken.
5. That it is better to die in a dungeon for the right than to live in a palace in wickedness and crime.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Herod think of Jesus? Ans.—That he was John the Baptist risen from the dead.
2. What made him think this? Ans.—A troubled conscience?
3. Why did Herod imprison John? Ans.—Because of John's faithfulness in reproving him for his sins.
4. Why did he not put John to death at once? Ans.—He feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.
5. What did Herod do on his birthday? Ans.—He beheaded John to please his wicked wife and her foolish daughter.

### LESSON II.

JANUARY 8, 1888.] [MATT. 14: 13-21

THE MULTITUDE FED

COMMIT TO MEMORY VERSES 16-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life."—John 6: 35.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 14: 13-21.—The Multitude Fed.
T. 1 Kings 17: 1-16.—Elijah Fed.
W. 2 Kings 4: 38-44.—Elisha's Provision.
Th. Ps. 145: 1-21.—Their Meat in Due Season.
F. Ex. 16: 14-31.—Bread From Heaven.
Sa. John 6: 27-40.—Jesus the Bread of Life.
Su. John 6: 41-71.—His Flesh for Bread.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Compassion of Jesus, vs. 13-16.
II. The Power of Jesus, vs. 17-21.

TIME.—A.D. 29, April, very soon after the last lesson; Tiberius Cæsar Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate Governor of Judea; Herod Antipas Governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—A desert or uninhabited place now called the plain of Butaiha, on the north-eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Bethsaida Julias.

OPENING WORDS.

Jesus, when he heard of the death of John the Baptist, returned to Capernaum. The twelve Apostles—who had meanwhile been absent upon their mission (Matt. 10: 1-15)—came to him there and made a report of their work. To obtain rest for himself and the twelve Jesus crossed the Sea of Galilee to a solitary place not far from Bethsaida Julias. Luke 9: 10. But work instead of rest awaited him there, as we learn from this lesson. Parallel passages, Mark 6: 34-44; Luke 9: 10-17; John 6: 5-16.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 13. FOLLOWED HIM ON FOOT—passed round the head of the Lake by land. (Compare Mark 6: 33.) V. 14. MOVED WITH COMPASSION—many of them were sick, and all were spiritually destitute. V. 15. EVENING—the first evening, *from* three to six p.m. Verse 23 refers to the second evening, which began at sunset. V. 16. GIVE YE THEM—obedience seemed impossible, but they did obey through Christ's power providing the means for them. Duty is measured by Christ's commands, not by our resources. V. 17. FIVE LOAVES AND TWO FISHES—a very scant supply even for thirteen men. V. 19. BLESSED—gave thanks for the food, and asked God's blessing upon it. GAVE THE LOAVES TO HIS DISCIPLES—making them the agents to bear the food to the people—an emblem of their future work of bearing the bread of life to perishing men. V. 20. FRAGMENTS—pieces that had not been distributed. TWELVE BASKETS FULL—more than there was at first. V. 21. FIVE THOUSAND MEN—only one loaf to every thousand; and yet there was enough, and to spare. So it is with the spiritual food, the bread of life. (See John 6: 13, 14.)

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Upon what mission did Jesus send his apostles? When did they return to him? What report did they bring? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. THE COMPASSION OF JESUS, vs. 13-16.—What did Jesus do when he heard of John's death? Why did he so retire? Where was this desert place? What did the people do? How did Jesus feel when he saw the multitude? What did he do for them? (See Mark 6: 34.) Why did the disciples ask Jesus to send them away? What did Jesus reply? What did he mean by this? (See John 6: 5.)

II. THE POWER OF JESUS, vs. 17-21.—What supply of food had the disciples? What did Jesus command? What did he do before beginning the meal? How should we partake of food? By whose hands did Jesus give the food to the people? How much was left? How many were fed? What does this miracle prove about Jesus? What did Jesus say of himself? John 6: 35. What should be our prayer? John 6: 34.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus cares for those that follow him.
2. That he will provide for all their wants.
3. That he suits his blessings to the needs of his people.
4. That he is the bread of life which alone will satisfy the hunger of the soul.
5. That we should seek for this bread of life more earnestly than for daily food.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Where did Jesus go with his disciples? Ans.—To a desert place near Bethsaida.
2. What did the people do? Ans.—They went to him in the desert.
3. How did Jesus feel toward them? Ans.—He was moved with compassion.
4. How did he show his compassion? Ans.—By healing their sick and giving them food.
5. How did he show his power? Ans.—By feeding five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## SOME SMALL ECONOMIES.

MAKING A LITTLE GO A GREAT WAY—TAKING THE COOK INTO CONSULTATION.

To be able to make a little do much, whether she wishes it or takes pleasure in it, is the task set for many a woman, but she may cultivate such a condition of mind as to find genuine delight in her accomplishment. There are higher planes of enjoyment, possibly, but I know of no more satisfying emotion than that which fills the mind after one has made, for example, a child's suit, so new and "boughten" in appearance that it would deceive an expert, out of an old and otherwise useless garment, and thus has saved its cost, which may be applied to higher uses than simple clothing.

One may be a genius in economy, and so have means to be open-handed and generous in good causes which otherwise could not receive an impetus from her hands.

In all connected with the table these small economies may be practised with most surprising results. If any woman who has not hitherto given attention to the matter will estimate how much she can afford to spend each week, and then will plan her meals with reference to this amount, she will in many cases find that she can fall even below the estimate.

The time and energy given to it will not be so "wearing" as in the uneasy feeling confessed to by many women that they are not doing their part in the working of the home machinery; that they are in reality silent partners, or, more strictly, partners without a voice in the saving and wise expenditure of the income; it haunts them at their embroidery and painting; it takes morning walks with them; it goes to concerts and receptions with them.

"How do you find time to look after your house, and table, and children, and church and still have time to read and write!" asked one of these uneasy ones of a friend.

"I believe it is because I am such an economist," was the reply; "I economise time and money both, and feel so happy and satisfied since I really learned to do so that I have all the time at my disposal that I used to spend in regretting and worrying. I am absolutely certain that I am doing my very best with the money my husband puts into my hands to carry on the house with, and you have no idea what a calm that induces in your spirit! I have taken the cook into my counsels; together we go over the week's table expenditure and see if we can improve upon it, and she is very grateful to me, because she expects to have a home of her own in a year or two, and she is glad to learn the value of things. I know, of course, that she is an extraordinary girl, but most of my girls have had virtues when I have been well and patient."

"But how do you find time? that is what puzzles me."

"How long does it take, do you suppose, to plan out the meals for a day, estimate the cost?"

"Why, an hour or two."

"Just fifteen minutes. After dinner I investigate the condition of the pantry and decide upon what we need and will have."

To use up the odds and ends is certainly a worthy aim; it is a duty also, when we reflect that we are by our conduct of our household giving effective object lessons to the ignorant and impressible girls who work under our direction.

Every writer upon household topics has emphasized the point that a crust of bread or bit of cake should never be thrown away. It needs still further emphasis, but this should be accompanied with a caution. It is not economy to add eggs, sugar, milk or flavoring to some bread or cake crumbs and then throw the whole away simply because the pudding thus concocted was not a success.

Frank Castlewood, the cousin of Henry Esmond, wrote to his mother that his wife "Clotilda is the cleverest woman in Brussels, understanding painting, music, poetry and perfect at cookery and puddens." The latter fact he learned while boarding with her at her father's, and he added, "They have a law suit for an immense sum, but are now in a poor way!"

Clotilda's "puddens" were doubtless "economy dishes," but Fank Castlewood never suspected it. The family of a wise woman will never be allowed to suspect that the dainty dish which crowns the meal, in the children's eyes at least, has more than one raison d'etre! There is a prejudice existing in the mind of the most economical man against such dishes. It is absolutely necessary to proceed with delicacy; measure carefully, and do not use more bread, because you have it and can just as well as not, than the receipt calls for.

Here is one rule, which if carefully followed, might be claimed by Clotilda herself, without loss of reputation:—Pour over a teacupful of fine bread crumbs a pint of milk heated to the boiling point, let that stand for half an hour; beat four eggs very light, mix with the milk and bread, add sugar to the taste, a lump of butter the size of half an egg, a teaspoonful of lemon extract and a little grated lemon peel. Butter some small cups (by the way, always save cups from which the handles are broken for such uses), put a few currants or raisins into the batter and then pour into the cups until they are a little more than half full. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Cake may be used in place of bread. If part of a loaf has become stale and dry, steam it until it is soft enough so that it can be cut into slices without crumbling; line a pudding dish with the slices, spread them with currant jelly and then pour over them a custard. Bake for half an hour. A plain sauce may be served with both these puddings.

Slices or bits of cold meat should never be wasted, as there are so many ways of rendering them appetising. If tired of corned beef hash, try this way of preparing some slices, which are cut very thin:—Drain some vinegar from home-made chopped or mixed pickle, heat it in a saucepan, then put the cold meat into it. Serve hot. Cold tongue treated in this way is nice also.

*Cold roast beef* may be used thus:—Place a layer of the slices in the bottom of a shallow pudding dish, put pepper and salt and some very thin bits of onion on each slice, and cold gravy or little pieces of butter, then put in another layer of meat and so on until all is used; cover the top with a layer of mashed potatoes. A teacupful of potato saved from dinner may thus be utilized. If you have more than enough for the top layer, put it in the bottom of the dish. Bake for half an hour and see that the top is nicely browned.

Another way to use cold roast beef is to cut it into fine shreds; make a batter of the whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water, a lump of butter the size of a butternut, and flour enough to make it about as thick as for fritters; add the beef with a little pepper and salt, drop from the spoon into hot lard, and fry until brown.—*Good Housekeeping.*

## HINTS FOR THE SHORT DAYS.

BY SUSAN BUSYBEE.

These brief days seem still more brief than they are to the busy house-wife. Where three square meals between daylight and dark are required for a family of six or eight, these, with the subsequent dishwashing, absorb much of the time, leaving little enough for the many other indispensable labors. All that the anxious housekeeper can do is to bring her head to the aid of her hands, and marshal her forces in the most advantageous manner. A few moments given at night to the planning of to-morrow's labors, arranging meals and the like will, if it does not lessen materially the toil, at least render more easy its performance. When the housekeeper's labors are such that she cannot hope to accomplish them mainly in the early part of the day, she should not by any means leave to chance what the afternoon's portion shall be. Rooms should if possible, always be cleared up and set to rights in the morning, as their disorder is confusing and tiresome. Bread baking, cleaning of vegetables, baking or boiling of meats for the day, should also be accomplished before dinner. A half bushel or more of potatoes may be put into a tub of water, stirred about and washed sufficiently for paring, drained and returned to the cellar with little more effort than is required to wash a panful for dinner; then they are in readiness whenever wanted, and no more wetting of hands by potato washing through the week, which is an especial advantage to those whose hands chafe easily.

When the clothes are taken from the line such as have to be ironed at all should be folded, laid in the basket and set aside for afternoon work; then, when the dinner dishes are washed, hair brushed and dress changed, when the stove is clear of pots and kettles and the irons piping hot, the ironing can be done with much less tax on body and mind than when the same is crowded in between the morning's work and the preparations for dinner.

Pie and cooky making may also with advantage be left till the afternoon. It is not necessary to have your cook room in confusion or yourself covered with grease and flour at these tasks; but you can instead have both in such trim that you can receive an unexpected caller or visitor in your work-room, unembarrassed and at your ease. Apples may be pared and sliced for to-morrow's pie making, or halved and cored ready to bake for to-morrow's dinner. Meat may be chopped for pies or hash; butter worked over and made into little pats for the table, spoons rubbed, lamps filled and trimmed, with many other things convenient for the afternoon.

Good brooms and carpet sweeper, feather duster and large, soft dusting rags, will serve to expedite the chamber and sitting-room work; while squares of coarse linen crash for dish-cloths, with an abundance of soft dish towels, will hasten the usually dreaded task of dish washing.

Plenty of soft water is indispensable, as also a large-sized dish pan, and a wooden tray for draining the dishes in. If the latter have a bar across through the centre, for turning plates and other large dishes against, so much the better.—*Christian at Work.*

## HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.

There is no falsehood more universally accepted as truth that is more deadly in its tendency than the belief that brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, and the alcoholic stimulants generally, are necessary as domestic remedies. If you value your children's best interests, never use wine or any of these beverages upon your table. Never use them for the ordinary ailments occurring in every household, for it is not necessary.

By alcoholic stimulants I mean everything which has alcohol in it, however disguised in name or character. Fruits and their juices, so valuable when fresh, are as unfit to use during fermentation as fermenting food. The juice of apples fermented becomes cider, and then takes its place in the same class as wine, brandy, whiskey, rum and gin. These with ale, beer and the punches—egg nog and mint juleps—should be kept out of the list of our home remedies as much as strychnine and arsenic.

The plea that stimulants make those who use them "feel better" and grow fat is full of deception. The fat and blood of those who use these articles is never healthful. In most guarded, moderate drinkers, physicians never expect the same favorable recovery from sickness or injury as in one who is extremely temperate.

In *post mortem* examinations and dissecting rooms, we see constantly the character of this fat, or rather bloat, which is so deceptive to the careless observer. I have seen the fat of a woman in high life, who had, for a few years previous to her death, "kept up" upon her regular portion of the best brandy, show the same foul degeneration as the fat of the common drunkard. This most undesirable accumulation of adipose piles up about the liver, kidneys, bowels and heart, penetrates the intestines between the muscles, burdening and impeding the natural action of the organs, until it requires a goad of some kind to keep them moving.

The more of such flesh any one accumulates the weaker he will become. It is no more reason for satisfaction than the pail of soap grease which might be carried in the hand. Alcohol does not furnish nutriment to the body or give real strength. During the alcoholic fever there is an appearance of strength which is wholly deceptive. It makes a fire so intense that the whole system is roused to fever heat and the brain to active congestion by it. It is this forceful driving of the brain and circulatory system while the alcohol fever is on that gives the false strength, and when the fierce fire subsides, leaves its subject so weak and exhausted: for here, as everywhere, action and reaction are equal, unnatural excitements are followed by undue depression.

A mischievous error, now misleading many of our overworked men and women, and shared, I am sorry to say, by many of our trusted physicians in good standing, is that this class of stimulants, from the purest brandy to the ale and beer in common use, are valuable aids in securing sleep and are comparatively harmless. It is true that spirituous liquors, both in their moderate and excessive use, do, after a period of excitement, in most cases, produce sleep; but the rest thus obtained is widely different from the simple, quiet sleep of health; in natural sleep the blood vessels of the brain contract and carry a less volume of blood than when in an active state, much as the healthful stomach contracts upon itself, emptying its large vessels partially during its period of rest.

Under alcoholic stimulants the arteries and veins, even to the smallest brain capillaries, become overfilled and distended with blood; for this reason, the sleep thus secured is a sleep like the heavy sleep in apoplexy. The wall of the capillaries under such repeated distension, become more dilated and dilatable, until the unnatural engorgement is fixed and permanent, and the tissues are thickened, so that the power to contract is lost by the naturally elastic vessels. When such changes have taken place in the brain, the nervous system acts feebly, unless it is goaded by that fierce alcoholic fire which can make every passion demoniac and uncontrollable, until the frenzy is still in lethargic sleep. Every period of rest thus gained is at the expense of future recuperative power.—*Exchange.*

## THE INCENTIVE TO OWN A HOME

The *Manufacturer and Builder* thinks that the man who is working to secure a small piece of property substitutes a new and distinct ambition for a remote and vague one. Day dreams about large estates and princely incomes may be very amusing, but they are not half so profitable as a vision of a lot 100x100, with a snug little dwelling upon it. With this before him, a man will rise early and retire late, turning his hand cheerfully to any and every kind of work. He will have a motive for rigorous economy which will make it a pleasure. He will have the vision of the last payment before him as a perpetual motive to moderation in passions, economy in expenses, abstinence from expensive pleasures and from expensive companions. Thus it will come to pass that a judicious debt, incurred at the beginning of a journeyman's or laborer's career, will become his good genius, watching over him, and inciting him to all industry and to self-government. Every laboring man ought to own his house. The first duty of the working man should be to convert his earnings into real estate.

TAKE LIFE EASIER.—The women of the country should give more time to rest and relaxation and less to routine housework. They should make fewer pies and less cake and do more sitting down in the rocking-chair on the porch. They would be far more useful in their families as the years go by. The woman who stays at home every day but when she "goes to meeting" on Sunday, who is always "doing for the family," will soon have no idea beyond the family circle, but none there to its advantage. She will be worn out physically and mentally early in life, and her children will begin to ignore her before they are gone.—*Chicago News.*

## PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a master at times, or a slave,
Its sound bringing terror at dead of the night;
The men who subdue it are bravest of brave,
And fight hard to o'ercome it, although it be light.

My *second* the birds do, if so they're inclined;
Men fight it, although it is far from their size;
A paper is printed for them, and I find
They're considered a blessing, although in disguise.

My *all* you may see on a bright summer night
Outside of the house, and about on the grass,
Shedding at intervals sparkles of light
Not made by man's hands, nor confined under glass.

TEN ANAGRAMS.

1. Alice Dean's copy.
2. Oscar Vinton is late.
3. He is no tramp.
4. A short mile.
5. Scared Tom.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.—Isle, leaf, afar, area, east, stir, iris,

WHAT IS IT.—A key.

RHOMBOID.—

M
M I A
S A H A R A
M A T I N G
D E S I R E
D E S E R T
N E W E S T

## The Family Circle.

### DUZHUPLEZE.

The strangest country between the seas
Was the curious kingdom of Duzhupleze,
And the greatest wonders in all this land
Were the crooked lanes on every hand;
For the walls leaned in and the gates leaned out,
And the pathways doubled and wound about.
They were weird and dazzling, first to last;
A wonderful charm was o'er them cast;
And men grew merry in heart and brain
Who went to walk in a crooked lane.

So they laughed and sang until they found
'Twas an evil spell their steps had bound;
Their tongues were thick when the hour grew late;
They cursed and quarrelled in fiercest hate;
While the pathways seemed to writhe and spin,
And the gates leaned out though the walls leaned in;
But one by one, ere the break of day,
Through the treacherous gates they found their way,
And weak and dizzy, and sick with pain,
They staggered home from the crooked lane.

Now every lane has an end in view,
And so had these, as all men knew;
But no one ever intends to go
To the end of such, as all men know.
They meant to walk just a little way,
But the spell grew on them day by day,
They were drawn to a path of pain and shame,
As the moth is drawn to the torturing flame,
Though they knew there were paupers, and men insane,
And prisons and graves, at the end of the lane.

The queer old king of Duzhupleze
Beheld these things, but he loved his ease;
So he said, "The danger is plain as day;
Sure, none but fools will walk that way;
I'm hampered and harassed, early and late,
With the rule of the realm and the cares of state.
I'm sorry to see their pain, but still
These poor, blind fools must do as they will;
Their loss will be but the kingdom's gain,
If they chose to walk in a crooked lane."

But the crooked lanes spread far and near:
So the old king sent for his grand vizier,
And commanded him to devise and say
How this terrible curse should be done away.
Now the grand vizier was a moderate man,
And bound to favor the easiest plan,
And so he said, in the course of his talk,
"We can't prescribe how a man shall walk;
But if the evil has grown too great,
'Twere best to restrict and regulate,
And to fill your purse with easy gains,
By a heavy tax on the crooked lanes."

'Twas done as the grand vizier had said,
But the crooked lanes still grew and spread;
And those who walked in their fatal maze
Sought other and various crooked ways,
Till, under the blight of this awful curse,
The kingdom was going from bad to worse;
And the king was stricken with doubt and fear
When his generals and his grand vizier,
By their speech and action, made it plain
That they sometimes walked in a crooked lane.

Though the good old king of Duzhupleze
Was merry and kind, and loved his ease,
It was more than even he could bear
When at last, one day, the royal heir
Came staggering home with a maudlin shout,
And an idiot smile, as he reeled about.
The grand vizier was called in a trice,
But the king was not in need of advice,
"I'll give you a month, at most!" he said,
"Down with these lanes, or off with your head!
For I'll confiscate your worthless brains
If you fail to abolish these crooked lanes!"

How the thing was done I cannot say,
But the grand vizier made no delay;
He proved to the king and all the nation
That his brains were worthy of preservation:
For in place of every crooked lane
He planted a garden or field of grain;
While men who had clamored with all their might
To do as they chose, now chose to do right;
And the happiest country between the seas
Was the glorious kingdom of Duzhupleze.
—*Eudora S. Bumstead, in Youth's Companion.*

### A THREATENED NEMESIS.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

"I tell you, my friend, your premises are all at fault, and can't be justified on any basis of soundness or reason whatever. Break a part of God's law, and you fracture the whole structure; there is no middle wall of partition, no 'margin,' as you call it, no reserving to oneself any particular rights not admissible to all. Tamper with a dangerous temptation, and you invite a nemesis almost sure to recoil with unwelcome swiftness on your own head. I'd give a great deal, Haversham, to see you take a firm, decided stand, and resolve, with the help of God, never to touch, taste, or handle the poison in any shape again.

The last sentence was spoken in a tender, appealing tone, not lost upon the lordly listener.

"Would a simple resolve go for so very much, Rector?"

"Yes; with you it would be as good as a vow any day. You see, I know you, my dear fellow, and believe in you, too, Roger Haversham, and it grieves me more than I can express that you refuse to place your name on the list presented by those ladies the other day, begging for your signature."

"But I don't believe in pledging myself to banish the wine cup or champagne glass from my table on every occasion mentionable. There are times when, as 'lord of the manor,' I must give my guests a choice as to the beverage to be used. I was brought right up with that idea of a host's courtesy, and limitations as to such things which I might think best to impose upon myself, I should hardly feel warranted in imposing upon my guests."

"You would not voluntarily set food before your friends, known to be vitiating or harmful."

"No, nor drink either. Taken in proper quantities, nothing I offer at my table would prove either vitiating or harmful. As danger consists only in excess either in eating or drinking, it depends on the wisdom or folly of him who eats or drinks as to whether he is harmed or not."

"Such is your belief?"

"Certainly."

"And you will teach your boy so, and allow him to choose such meat and drink as he may fancy?"

"No, sir; that is quite another thing, and presents are entirely different phase of the subject."

"Does it?"

"Why, certainly it does. I shall spread no feasts including luxuries of the kind just discussed while Milton is at home. That portion of the cellar which contains the few choice spirits I always keep on hand, will not be opened during his vacation—at least, not while he is around. Contrary to the teachings of my young days, I shall instruct my son that intoxicants of all kinds are to be avoided, utterly. Personal adherence to an ancient custom, held to be proper all one's life, is one thing, while it is quite another to perpetuate the custom by starting a young person along the same track. I prefer my child should never contract a habit which has never injured his father, but might possibly result in injury to him."

Two noble-looking men stood facing each other on the upper terrace of a lawn whose velvety carpet of green might have been cut in some gigantic loom, so faultlessly even was its smooth surface. Each looked with a friendly, fearless gaze into the face of the other, while they expressed their views with the candid, outspoken tone of conviction staunch friends often use in exchanging opinions.

Mr. Roger Haversham, perhaps a trifle the taller of the two, wore a dainty lounging jacket of white flannel, exactly matched by the one worn by his companion, the Right Rev. Arthur Puriston, rector of St. Paul's, and a truly godly man. The jaunty midsummer garments had arrived in company at Mr. Haversham's sumptuous home, for it was no strange thing for the wealthy man to duplicate an order in the interest of his beloved friend and pastor, the "Rector," as he usually called him.

Long before, after but two years of married life, Mr. Haversham's young wife had died, leaving her kind husband and their baby boy of but six months to care for and comfort each other as best they could. The father had felt no inclination to marry again, but as time rolled on, his affections centred on the bright, beautiful boy, the promise of whose early boyhood was being fulfilled in his youth, and the promise of whose youth the father fondly hoped would be realized in his fast-approaching manhood.

For a few years a tutor had been employed for the young Milton, then it had seemed best to Mr. Haversham to avail himself of the advantages offered at an excellent academy where boys were fitted for college at the same time they were under superior Christian influence. In this institution Milton Haversham had been gradually developing powers of more than ordinary promise, until now he was expecting to enter college after the summer vacation. During his school days the lad had made frequent visits at his father's beautiful suburban home, and so far his doting parent felt pleased and thankful that his darling boy had been kept entirely free from the temptations of city life, and knew nothing of the allurements which so often tempt young men into forbidden paths.

On only one subject did the Rev. Mr. Puriston and his friend, Mr. Roger Haversham, essentially disagree, and the conversation recorded at the beginning of this story was only one of many on the vexed question which, every little while, was debated with the same warmth and decision on the part of the rector, only to be met with the calm but determined arguments of the other, in defence of his preconceived convictions of an opposite character.

On no occasion had Milton Haversham ever seen wine on his father's table. Had he at any time been told that a locked compartment in the cellar at home contianed a variety of rare liquors, he would either have declared the statement to be untrue, or, if convinced that such was the case, would have confidently asserted that they were kept only for medicinal purposes. The subject of temperance was one rarely touched upon between the father and son. Not that the former exactly wished to avoid it, but he mentally argued that allusion to the subject might provoke unnecessary discussion. Once while walking together, they had come upon a man very much under the influence of liquor, lying by the roadside, and Milton had said disgustedly,—

"How can a man make such a brute of himself?"

And his father had replied promptly:—

"It is only necessary, in order to avoid that, my dear boy, to resist firmly the first temptation which may assail one to use intoxicating drink."

But this was when Milton was very young, and he had probably forgotten it.

On no consideration would Mr. Haversham willingly have allowed his son to see strong drink used in his house as a beverage. Yet many and many a time, while the lad was away, at school, had decanters been filled, and from slender little glasses had flashed prisms of sparkling light, as guests gay and cultured had sipped the pungent flavors stored from old and choice vintages, until time had added both strength and sweetness to the subtle draught.

But of late there had been a strong temperance movement in the community, and certain Christian women had gone from house to house inviting the heads of families to pledge themselves to banish all intoxicants from their homes, and to do what they could to rid the place of their baneful influence. And it had not surprised, although it did disappoint, the rector, that Mr. Haversham had courteously but decidedly refused to accede to the wishes of his callers of the day.

It was the week of the "Fourth," and Mr. Haversham was in the full pride and glory of realized hopes. His son Milton had graduated with unwonted honors from the academy where for seven years his mind had been slowly ripening and preparing for maturer study, and his examination for college had also passed and been pronounced unusually satisfactory.

A short time previous to the young man's arrival home, it had been planned that a party of gentlemen should, on the afternoon of the Fourth, enjoy a sail down the harbor and a lunch on board Mr. Haversham's trim little yacht. The company was to be a select one, composed of a number of friends to whom Mr. Haversham felt indebted for repeated hospitalities. Ordinarily he would have felt that his only son must accompany him on the holiday expedition, but as it was, it was with a feeling of great relief that he learned that Milton wished to invite some friends who had been his companions at school, and who resided in the near city, to lunch with him on the same afternoon. He had gone so far as to intimate to them that should nothing occur to prevent, he should send for them to come and enjoy the cooling breezes sure to be found on piazza or lawn, in the summer house or mimic forest about his father's spacious grounds.

"You shall have the finest collation possible, my boy" said his father warmly; "and I shall hope to return in time to see your friends before they go."

*(To be Continued.)*

### GOOD SLEEPERS.

During the long days of summer the Russian peasants live almost without sleep, except that which they snatch at odd moments—at meal-time especially. Naturally they acquire a facility in falling asleep anywhere, and Mr. Robert Bremner gives a rather entertaining sketch of their performances in that line, in his "Excursions in the interior of Russia." Some of our numerous sufferers from insomnia may well read it with envy. Poverty and hard manual labor have at least some compensations.

What struck us most in regard to these slumbering scenes was the suddenness with which the men fell into repose. Some people are said to be able to command sleep the moment they court its favors; and the Russian peasant would seem to have the same power, for he is asleep as soon as his tools are thrown down.

One moment of the vacant hour is given to a scanty meal (an onion and a piece of rye bread need but little carving) and all the rest is bestowed on what, next to drinking, seems to be their favorite dissipation.

The positions they choose for this purpose are often most surprising. Where a piece of pavement is under repair, in a crowded street, you may see them sleeping among the stones and mud, liable to be run over by the first wheel.

A droschky-man falls asleep standing by his horse's shoulder, and leaning his head on the poor animal, which never moves an ear for fear of disturbing him. In short, a Russian sleeps in every attitude, and on every kind of bed—sitting or standing—on the top of dung carts, or perched on a load of stones.

Sometimes the post which he takes up is still more dangerous. We have seen workmen stretched on the ridge of some roof which they had been repairing; and passing along the quays, you may seem them at any time soundly asleep on the narrow parapet, where, if they turn but from the right side to the left, they have not an inch to save them from rolling into the deep river below.

They may even be seen fast asleep in the sun on the narrow edge of a loaded barge, near the strongest part of the stream; yet so sound is their repose that though you watch them till their short hour is out, you will not see them move limb or feature. Tell the peasant of his danger in thus exposing himself, remonstrate with him on his rashness, and he will not understand you. He does not know what fear is; his fatalism makes him careless of life.

### A GOOD NOTION.

A believer was giving in a prayer-meeting his testimony as to God's grace and goodness, and said:—

"On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going; I said: 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said: 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' 'Now the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket, I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink; and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go there, and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion, too, a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion too; lots of people are getting religion now."—*Exchange.*

HOLINESS consists of two things, two endeavors—the endeavor to know God's will, and the endeavor to do it when we know it.

THERE ARE SOME who never seem to feel any spiritual wants, and who, if they have their food and shelter, property and friends, would probably never ask the question—Is there a God?—*Rev. Peter S. Menzies.*

## WITH STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

NOTES BY HIS LIEUTENANTS.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, of London, sends to the *Illustrated London News* most interesting communications concerning the Great African explorer, taken from letters and sketches of the men who are now with him in the heart of the dark continent. Says Mr. Hatton:—

"It has fallen to my lot to be well acquainted with several young fellows who have worked for Stanley, and with him, including Mr. Glave and Mr. Herbert Ward (my Central African correspondent), who is now marching by the White Chief's side in this expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. The chief is known by his followers. Stanley's officers, one and all, appear to be worthy of him, and they, one and all, speak of him in terms of admiration and confidence. Mr. Herbert Ward, a true type of the roving English youth, was, it seems to me, only the other day bidding a last farewell to another brave youth on the Segama river, far away in the interior of Borneo. Since then he has filled responsible positions in the service of the Government of the Congo Free State, during a period of some three years. The accompanying sketches, with one exception, are from selected packets of drawings and letters which he has sent me from time to time, and his correspondence is not less interesting than his pictures, though the facts which I propose to cull from them must be extracted from among matters of a private nature, and it is by his own wish that such things as are thought worthy shall appear."

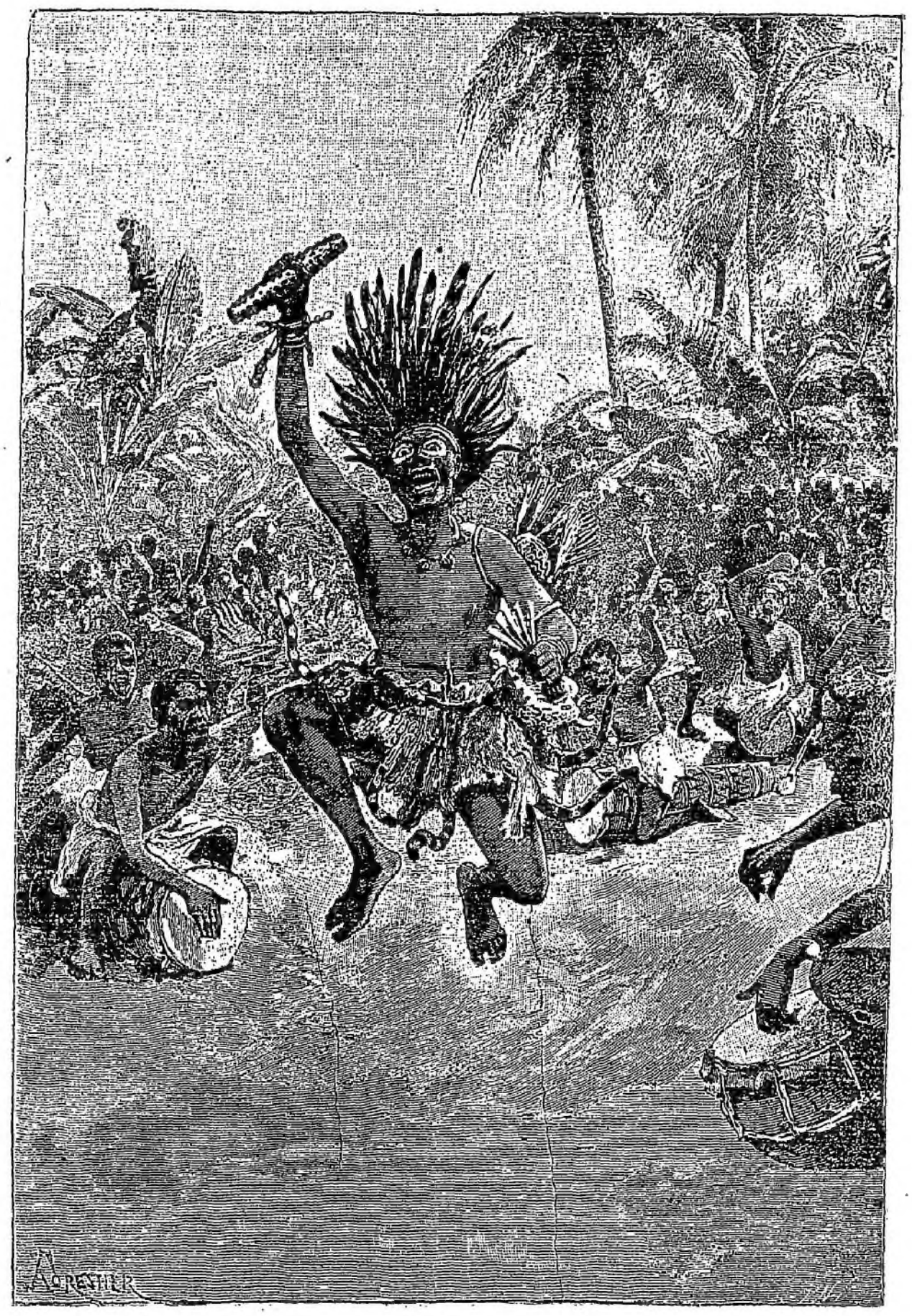
The following incident is a striking evidence of Stanley's tact in dealing with a lot of uncivilized black men who have the ability to make things very unpleasant for the whites when their sometimes unreasonable requests are refused.

"While Stanley was staying at the *Pool*," continues Mr. Hatton, "shortly before his last return to Europe, a deputation of black clerks (Houssas) appeared before him with a complaint not altogether unjustifiable, but one very difficult just then of remedying. Stanley, who was smoking a cigar with a friend in his tent, paid the gravest attention to the petitioners. When they had finished, he complimented them upon their costume, saying it was far better than any he could afford to trot about in. He also praised the neatness and healthfulness of their appearance. Then, gravely looking each man in the face with his eagle eye, said, 'Let us pray!' He knew his men. They were considerably awed, forgot what they had come for, and went back to their duties. 'I couldn't do what they wished,' said Stanley when they left, 'but I think I impressed them.'"

With reference to the station of Lukunga and the N'Ganga N'Kissi" incident, Ward writes at the end of June, 1885; "I am very isolated at this place. There is not a soul for many miles around who possesses even the rudiments of our language, consequently one's news is confined to the locality itself. The most interesting item is, I think, an ordeal which took place the other day close by in this valley. It was a 'N'Ganga N'Kissi,' or medicine man's palaver; and I send you a sketch of the interesting gentleman at work. I learn from Mr. Harvey, of the Livingstone Inland Mission, that the general belief in the Congo is that nearly all sickness and death is the result of witchcraft. The consequence is that when anyone is dangerously ill, the question arises, 'Who has bewitched him?' The guilty person is supposed to be secretly devouring the spirit of the unhappy sufferer. Should he die, a 'N'Ganga,' or medicine man, is usually sent for to determine who it is that is possessed of N'Doki (the devil), or is guilty of the witchcraft. The 'N'Ganga' is invariably a crafty individual of another tribe or from a distant village. He brings with him an elaborate apparatus, consisting of leopard's teeth and claws, snakes and other skins, a fetish idol perhaps, and rattle, and, above all, a plentiful supply of powdered chalk. When all his little arrangements are made, the 'N'Ganga' seats himself on rising ground, and displays his paraphernalia, which he manipulates very cleverly. He endeavors to give his audience the impression that each article springs to his hand without his own volition. He has something of the art of the conjuror, with his aptitude at sleight of hand. Even the mat upon which he sits seems now and then to be alive. He turns and looks at it occasionally when its manifestations seem to him as it were excessive. His well-feigned astonishment is not lost upon the throng. The mat, they plainly see, is beyond his control, as is everything else, his inspiration being from a superior and unseen power. Every now and then he pauses in his mummeries and listens with his head bent to the earth, and then he will bound up from this listening attitude and intently examine the various persons near *him*, and turn away from them with equal suddenness to frantically clutch the air as if trying to lay hold upon some unseen being. He shrieks and starts and wails, and *is like* one possessed. Usually, before declaring the name of the guilty or suspected person, the payment for his services (previously agreed upon) has to be made, and in these transactions he shows that his connection with the unseen world has not lessened his interest in the possession of the wealth that belongs to the material world in which he lives. He is not easily imposed upon, either, as regards the quantity or quality of the cloth offered to him as his remuneration. The guilty one being named, the poor wretch has to undergo the ordeal of poison. He must drink a certain amount of N'Kasa, prepared from a poisonous bark by the 'N'Ganga.' Should the dose act as an emetic, the victim is pronounced innocent; otherwise, Satan's presence in the man is proved, the victim himself being as well assured of the fact as his accusers. His body, from the effect of the poison, begins to swell, and he is either buried alive, (in some cases his throat is cut before the burial) or he is drowned."

"It is an open question," continues the narrative, "whether cannabalism is really a vice. Mr. Stanley, on his second journey through the Dark Continent, at a village named Kampunzu, found two rows of skulls running along the entire length of the village, imbedded about two inches in the ground, the 'cerebral hemispheres' uppermost, bleached and glistening white from the weather. He was told they were the skulls of the 'sokos'—chimpanzees, otherwise called 'meat of the forest.' The chief said the bodies had been eaten. 'What kind of a thing is this 'nyama,' or meat of the forest, as you call it?' Stanley asked. 'It is about the size of this boy,'—pointing to one of Stanley's attendants, 4 ft. 10 in. in height—'and walks like a man, goes about with a stick with which it beats the forest, and it makes hideous noises. It eats bananas, and we hunt it, kill it, and eat it.' It was further described as very good food. Stanley offered a reward for one of these animals, but it was found impossible to kill one before several days should pass. Stanley had not time to wait for an example of the nyama, but he brought away several skulls of the alleged chimpanzee, which Professor Huxley pronounced to be those of negroes of the ordinary African type, upon which Mr. Stanley remarks, Professor Huxley, by this decision, startles me with the proof that Kampunzu's people were cannibals, for at least one half of the number of skulls seen by me bore the mark of a hatchet which had been driven into the head while the victims were alive."

"Mr. Ward not only takes it for granted that cannibalism is a reality among certain tribes of Central Africa, but he sends me the portrait of a well-known cannibal of Bangala, who is reported to have eaten eight of his wives; and he also forwards me a set of implements that have been used at cannibalistic feasts. They consist of two spoons and a curious fork. It may be noted in favor of the statement that there is no doubt as to the authenticity of these things, that they are by far the most primitive of all the articles of native manufacture which I have received. They are crude and ugly enough in shape and design to be the product of the most barbarous tribe; and if cannibalism is a Central African custom, one can quite imagine that these might well be the knives and forks of a cannibalistic feast.



N'GANGA N'KISSI: A MEDICINE MAN CURING WITCHCRAFT.

---

RECENTLY preaching in his cathedral, the Bishop of Cork said: "Total abstinence I believe to be the only means under God of saving one who has become addicted to habits of intemperance. It is abundantly proved that total abstinence is safe for all, and that strong drink is unnecessary for any healthy person, although it may be needful for those not in good health to use alcohol as medicine. It is perfectly justifiable for persons to adopt the habit of total abstinence for the sake of example to others, and the subject of temperance is one which is deserving our most earnest attention."

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind.—*Addison.*

## A GHOST STORY FOR BOYS.

BY GERTRUDE L. VANDERBILT.

Max Hermann lived in—I have really forgotten the name of the place, and that is a pity, this story being true; at any rate he lived somewhere in Germany. He was a bright smart young fellow, and he determined that he would try and make a great deal of money, so that some day he would be rich.

Max Hermann, by his industry and intelligence, and by his good investments of what he made, succeeded in getting rich. He became a "well-to-do" man in the community, and every one loved and respected him, which is better still.

Besides determining to be rich he had also determined to marry the Fraulein Gretchen Von Middendorf; that is if she would have him. She did incline to listen to his loving words, as young maidens are apt to do to the words of a good, loving, bright young fellow. So in course of time they were married and lived lovingly and pleasantly together.

Besides determining to be rich, and to marry the Fraulein Gretchen Von Middendorf, Max Hermann had also determined that if he ever did get rich he would purchase a certain piece of land which was near the place where he was born. It was a lovely spot; he would have a nice little farm and garden there; he would keep cows, and Gretchen could make butter and cheese. As he had wished so it happened; he bought the lovely spot, he had the little farm and garden, and kept the cows, and Gretchen and her maids made butter and cheese.

The place had at one time, long, long before, been owned by some old monks who lived there. Hermann liked the looks of the ivy-covered ruin. It was a picturesque feature in the landscape, and nothing would ever have been done to disturb it had not this young couple been so very prosperous in business that they needed more room.

"Max," said Gretchen one day, "our accommodations for keeping milk and butter are too limited. We need more cool cellar room. Now, you know that the old monks had very spacious wine vaults under that ruin. Why not have the rubbish cleared from that sunken door and let me use this first vault as a milk and cheese cellar? All you have to do is to make a new frame for the door and dig away the stones and timber that lie decaying in front of it. You need not do anything to the interior. I can place my shelves and tables in that cool cellar, and it would be just lovely!"

Max Hermann agreed with Gretchen, as, indeed, he always did, that it would be just the thing to do. He had the old door frame mended and the fallen stones and rubbish cleared away from the front of the cellar door. As this did not make the rest of it look any the less like a picturesque old ruin, the young couple were extremely well satisfied with the work. Max took the key out of his pocket, locked the door, and stepped back to show Gretchen how gracefully the vines canopied the opening.

Three distinct knocks were heard from within. "I must have shut in one of the workmen," said Max, applying the key once more and throwing open the door. No one was there. He called. No one answered. He locked the door again and stepped back as before. Again three knocks were distinctly heard. They seemed to reverberate through the empty vault.

"Strange!" exclaimed Max.

"Very strange!" exclaimed Gretchen.

"I will go inside and close the door and examine from the inside." Max did so, and Gretchen perched on an old bit of timber to listen. There was no sound whatever. He came out and fastened the door again, saying, as he did so, "This is all nonsense. It is some joke of the workmen."

But as he stood there locking the door the three loud raps were distinctly heard again. The same results followed; he opened it, listened, looked, saw nothing, and closed it again.

I cannot tell you how puzzled, worried, and vexed Max and Gretchen got to be in time. Every one said there was a ghost there, and no one would go near the new milk cellar. They even stayed away from the whole place. There was not a farm hand or a housemaid that was willing to work there. "The old monks are having revenge," some of the women said. "They can't rest in peace with these Protestant folk tramping over the places where they have sung and prayed," said the more devout. But it did not look much as if they had built these wine vaults to pray in, so that that view of the case did not disturb the present owner. What worried him was that he could not unravel the mystery. Very certain he was that there was no one within, and yet every time that he locked that door he heard those three mysterious raps. He grew so anxious that it made him cross; that in turn made Gretchen irritable. The whole household seemed involved in the perplexity and anxiety.

Poor Hermann! Poor Gretchen! Their smooth easy life seemed to have come to a close. If the old monks had wanted revenge they certainly might have been satisfied now. Every one left the old wine vaults to the ghosts. No one would go near the place and Max was in a fair way to lose all that he had invested in the property.

It has always been said that the best and safest way to dispose of ghosts and all such uncanny things is to place them in the strong light of intelligent investigation. Max Hermann, being a man of great intelligence and strong common sense, with the wisdom of the nineteenth century in his honest heart—Max, brave fellow, did not believe that the old monks who had died a hundred years ago and more, were inclined to disturb his possession of their old wine vaults! Beside, that good wholesome milk honestly earned, should be driven away and displaced by ghosts of wine bottles! No, that was not according to the wisdom of this age which respects temperance!

Max determined to investigate and he did so.

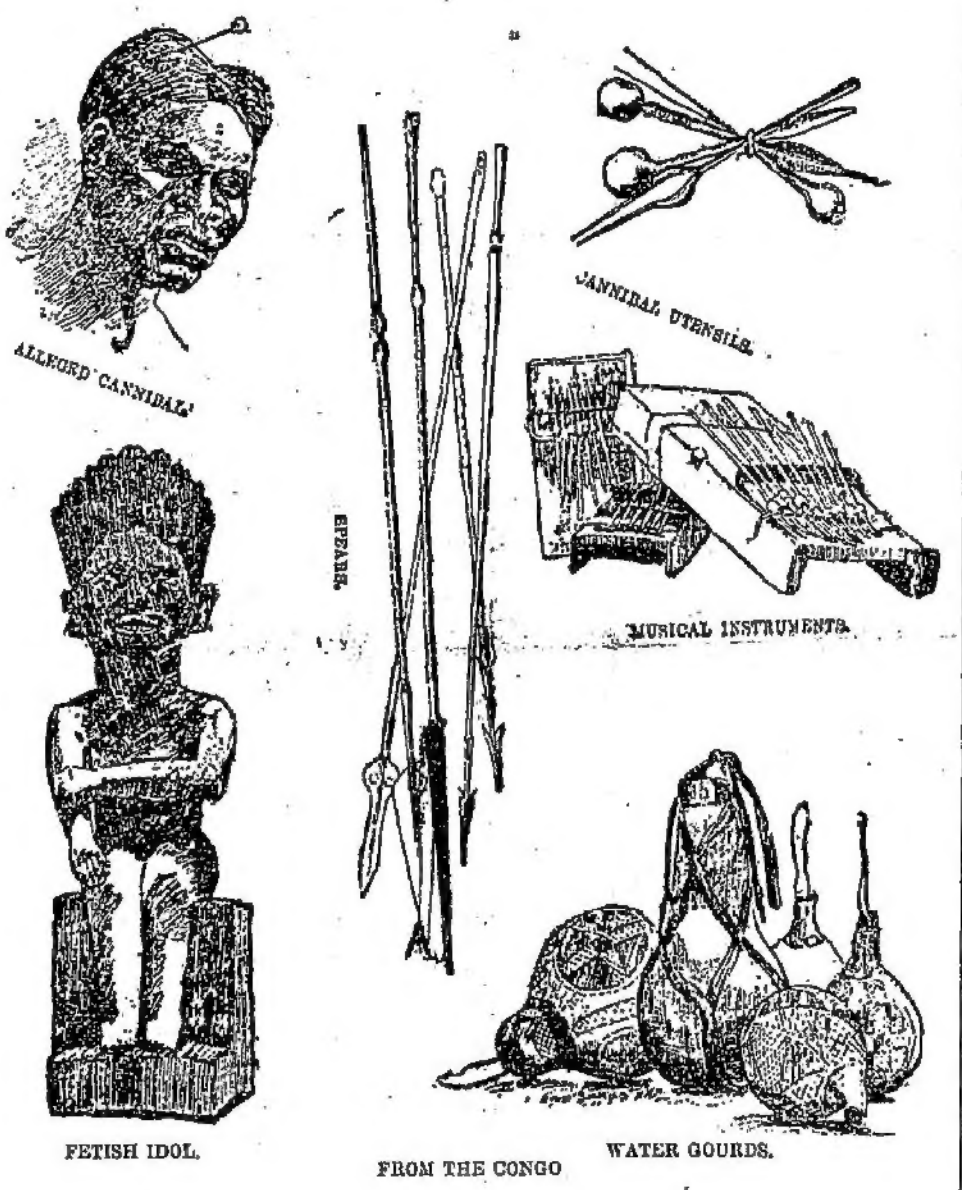
Boys, when you are puzzled, investigate, as Max did!

He found that when he stood in a certain spot to lock and unlock the door, that then those three raps were heard.

He examined that spot. It was a square stone. He found that it could, with some care, be raised. He found the end of a sort of beam under this stone, and when he pressed down the beam he heard the three raps made within the vault. In short, it was some machinery arranged by the mechanical genius of some old monk, to preserve their wine vault from the depredation of thieves. Of course who ever stood on that spot to unlock the door or tamper in any way with it, set in motion the simple arrangement; the beam acted upon a hollow box in the wall; the noise was readily explained now that Max had brought his intelligence to bear upon it. He called all his neighbors to see how that what they had considered the ghost of an old monk was only what in this day we call "a burglar alarm."

And now, boys, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I must say I do not believe that a ghost was ever any more real than this!

If you ever hear of one, do as Max did—examine the place and find out the ghost.—*Christian Intelligencer.*




## BOB AND BURT.

There were two boys in my class and they were of the same age and they dressed alike and looked much alike. But they were not alike. Burt knew his lesson, Bob didn't. Burt was all wide awake, using his ears, eyes and mouth to help along the recitation.

If I had a hard question and all the others could say nothing to it, I could always turn and say,—

"Well, Burt, what do you think about it?"

He always had a thought about it and was ready to tell it, and it was most usually a good thought.

Besides, he was not always putting in his thoughts, as some folks do, no matter how many are speaking. Burt would wait his turn and speak softly but clearly so that every one could hear and understand what he had to say.

As for Bob, I do not remember his ever reciting even the Golden Text.

"Where's the lesson to-day, Bob?" I would ask.

"Dunno," was the answer.

"Who was Paul, Bob?"

"Dunno, but I guess he was; he was—he was—I dunno what he was. P'r'aps he was a Parisee or something; wasn't he?"

So it was.

Bob never seemed to know or care about the lesson, but his eyes and ears and fingers were busy at any and everything else.

One day I called at Burt's house and his good mother said,—

"Now take off your things and stay till Burt comes in. He will be back soon. I sent him over to Mrs. Allen's to get a new book that's all about the lesson. He's become so interested in the Sunday-school and his class, that seems as if he can't think about anything else. But there he comes now," said his mother, looking out of the window.

I must stay to tea. And such a nice tea! But the best part of it was the—cake? Guess again. It was the lesson! People must say something at the table. Why not that?

Well, after the "blessing" Burt's father helped every one and then, turning to his boy by his side, said,—

"Now, Burt, can't you give us the Golden Text for next Sunday as an offset for those warmed-up potatoes? It is more blessed to give than to receive, you know."

So out came the Golden Text; for Burt expected to be asked for it and was ready. But no sooner was it out than a question followed it from the same mouth,—

"Papa, please tell what you think about that verse."

Papa would tell a few things and "mamma" was expected to preach her little sermon. Indeed, each one at the table would have a word at it.

I enjoyed the sweet bread and golden butter and all the other nice things that were passed to me, but nothing quite so much as this lesson talk.

They said they always brought the lesson up at tea-table and each one was expected to have thoughts about it and to speak them out. The next tea—on Tuesday, Burt was expected to tell the names of all the persons in the lessons, what he knew about them. Then perhaps papa and mamma and the others would ask questions or put in something more that they knew about the persons.

On Wednesday maybe they tell all about the places. This gives Burt a good chance to study the geography of Palestine and have it all so in his eye that he can see every hill and valley and village and city and say,—

"Mamma, your plate is Jerusalem; and yours, papa, is Jericho, and this streak in the cloth is the road, and this pepper-box is the man on his road there, and here are the thieves lying behind these rocks, waiting for him."

On Thursday the maps came to tea sometimes; not books or wall maps made by a printer, but made by the fingers of Burt and the others. Each does his best. The best is often Burt's.

They talk about other things as well as the Sunday-school lesson; but that always comes to tea and talks a great deal—through all the mouths.

One Sabbath I was telling the class how much some scholars study the lesson and how a certain boy did it every time he came to tea; when Bob spoke up quickly,—

"Umph! catch me telling about texts at supper. All I care for then is the biggest chunk of gingerbread and to get excused and skip out and have fun. That's all I want."

Just so. And that made the difference You see now how Bob and Burt were not alike, though they looked like brothers.—*Rev. C. M. Livingstone in Pansy.*

THE ONLY BUSINESS of bar-rooms in any community is to take boys and make drunkards out of them. Talk about high license! Imagine a man coming to my house with a confluent case of small-pox broken out. I say to him: "Get out! You are scattering this pest in my home to the danger of my wife and family." He says: "I won't get out. I have paid one thousand five hundred dollars for the license to carry small-pox in this city. I pay the highest license of anybody in the state." Nice thing, ain't it, when there's one fellow who can pay $100,000 for the privilege of doing any killing he wants and just going round shouting: "Don't stop me; I am killing men, I know, but I pay license to kill anybody I want to." How would you like that? Now, you want to know what high license or low license—I don't care which you have got—will do. It will make the liquor-sellers respectable, and that's the very thing we don't want. Down in Georgia a wholesale Cincinnati liquor-dealer said to me: "Jones, you all have done the wrong thing down in Georgia." Said I: "What?" He says: "Why, there ain't a decent man, hardly, that will sell liquor in Georgia now." Said I: "God bless you, old fellow, when we get the traffic where it belongs, and where nobody but a dog will sell it, that's getting the thing in good shape." But where you license it and pay high license on it, any respectable man will go into the business and say: "Why I pay license to do this, and it's respectable."—*Sam Jones.*

## THE CANADA JAY.

Jays are a genus of the crow family. They differ from the magpie in their somewhat shorter bill and also shorter and almost even tail. They are the inhabitants of forests and wooded districts, chiefly in the temperate parts of Europe, Asia, and North America, and feed more steadily on fruits, acorns, beech-nuts, insects, and berries than crows and magpies. They have, however, to some extent, the same omnivorous habits of the family, and rob nests of eggs and young birds in the absence of the old bird.

The American bluejay is smaller than the European bird, with the tail longer in proportion and the head handsomely crested with loose, silky plumes that it can erect or depress at pleasure. The general plumage is of a fine blue color, wings and tail marked by numerous bars, neck encircled by a black, velvety collar edged with blue. The tail is tipped with white and the thighs are of a dusky brown.

The jay, it is said, has no mean idea of his own personal attractions, and perhaps thinks his voice, which is harsh and grating, as charming as his plumage. Like the magpie and jackdaw, he is talkative and ready to imitate sounds. He has been known to so closely imitate the action of a saw that one would suppose a carpenter near by at work. Some of his notes, too, might, by a stranger, be mistaken for the repeated creakings of an ungreased wheelbarrow. All these he accompanies with various nods, jerks, and other gesticulations for which the whole tribe of jays are remarkable. He annoys the sportsman on his approach by such squalling as drives the deer away.

Says Gould, "Of all birds he is the most bitter enemy to the owl. No sooner has he discovered the retreat of one than he summons the whole feathered tribe to his assistance, who surround the bewildered, staring owl and attack him from all sides, raising such a noise as may be heard half a mile off, the owl meanwhile returning every assault with a broad, goggling stare. The war becomes louder and louder, and the owl, at length forced to betake himself to flight, is followed by the whole train of his impudent persecutors until driven beyond their jurisdiction.

"This bird is not only bold and vociferous, but possesses considerable talent for mimicry, and seems to enjoy great satisfaction in mocking and teasing other birds, particularly the sparrow-hawk, imitating his cry whenever he sees him, and squealing out as if caught. This soon brings a number of his tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk and feigning the cries of a bird sorely wounded; but this ludicrous farce often ends tragically. The hawk, singling out one of the most insolent and provoking, swoops upon him in an unguarded moment and offers him up a sacrifice to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the tune is changed; all their buffoonery vanishes and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster."

When taken young the jay is very easily tamed, becomes very familiar, and, like its relatives the magpie and jackdaw, can be taught a variety of words and sounds, particularly those of a harsh and grating character.

The Canada Jay, of which we give you an illustration, inhabits the country from Hudson's Bay to the river St. Lawrence, also in winter the inland parts of the State of Maine and northern parts of Vermont and New York. When the season is very severe, with deep snow, they sometimes advance farther south, but generally return northward as the weather becomes milder.

The people of these parts of the country speak of the bird as feeding on black moss, berries, worms, and even flesh, and when near tents as pilfering everything it can come at. It is so bold as to even come to habitations or tents to eat meat out of the dishes. It watches the hunter while baiting his trap for martins and devours the bait as soon as his back is turned, and so the natives detest the bird.

It breeds early in the spring, builds its nest on pine-trees, and lays up hoards of berries in hollow trees. Mountain-ash berries and other berries left on the leafless branches of the trees are a treat to this with other Northern birds. This bird is eleven or twelve inches long, of a blue and bluish gray color, under parts brownish white, and less marked collar. The whole plumage on the back, as you may observe, is long, loose, and in great abundance, and serves to keep the bird warm.

There are several other varieties of the jay besides those we have already mentioned the Florida Jay, Columbia Jay, etc Audubon considers the Columbia Jay, taken on the New Orleans River, the most elegant of the whole tribe of jays, the largest, from its tall, handsome crest to the tip of its long tail, more distinctly marked, and richer in color.

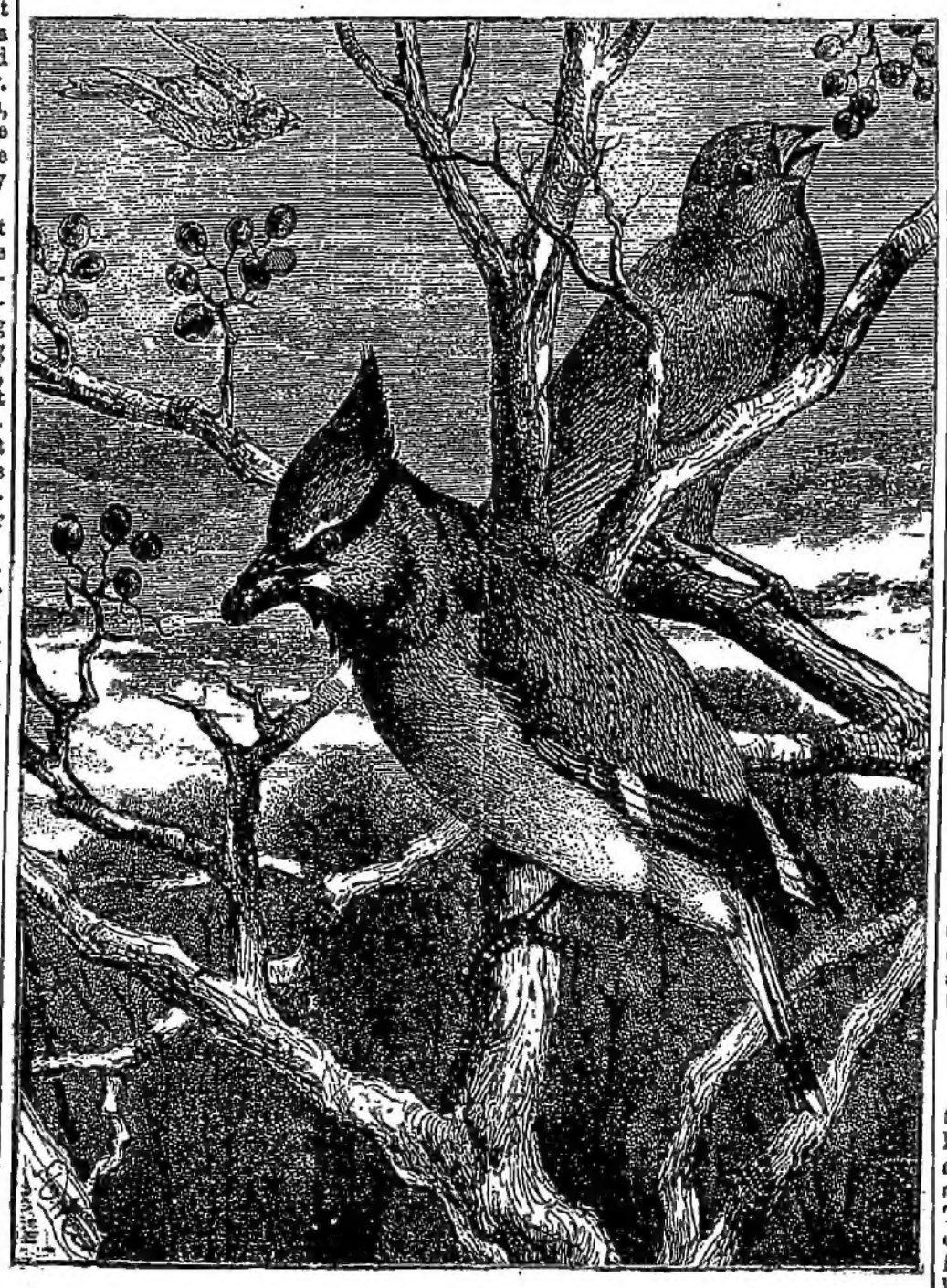
Many of the foreign jays, however, are considered exceedingly beautiful. The Chinese Jay is of two kinds, the red-billed and that with a bluish bill, and both are thought elegant birds. The Peruvian Jay is of a greenish cast, which, by insensible shades, assumes a bluish cast in different parts of the body.—*Ex.*

## GIVING TO THE LORD.

BY ROSE THORN.

We will suppose a man who is a carpenter, working "by the job," as they say; or a woman who is a dressmaker. The income of either will be according to the work which they "happen" to find to do; therefore, uncertain.

To such I would suggest a plan which I have known tried with success.



THE CANADIAN JAY.

Provide yourself with a certain box or drawer which shall be dedicated to the Lord exclusively. Decide to begin with how much—what proportion—you will try to give to the Lord.

We will say that you are going to return to the Lord one-tenth of all he gives to you.

Every time any money comes in, no matter whether the amount be great or small, count one-tenth and put it into your "Lord's Box," before any of the money is laid in your purse. Putting it in your purse, even for a short stay, makes you want to keep it.

Make this laying it aside a rigid rule and never allow yourself to break it. Consider that money to be the Lord's, and yourself no more at liberty to spend it on yourself than you are at liberty to spend your neighbor's money.

Now, then, if you wish to give something regularly in church every Sabbath, settle upon some sum which you think will come within your means and make a trial of it. Ten cents every Sabbath will give five dollars and twenty cents in a year. If you think you can compass that, let the "tenths" accumulate in the "Lord's Box" until you have the whole amount for the year. You will then have a fund from which you can draw your ten cents every Sabbath with great satisfaction. It's like owning a whole bank. It would, no doubt, be more agreeable to draw out and give the whole amount at once than to give such a small sum each Sunday, but it wouldn't do you so much good. You will soon find out whether your ten cent giving is going to take all your "tenth" money or not, and so be able to increase or diminish the weekly allowance.

Just here let me beg of you, don't put all your "tenth" into the contribution box on Sunday. So arrange the weekly gift that a little extra money may accumulate and then be on the watch for opportunities to use it. To give to missions and all other regular church charities is good and right and needful, but there are some needs among us that I believe are not always known or appreciated.

I know children of parents, to some degree refined and educated, who are growing up without possessing a Bible of their very own. There are children who go in and out of our churches, attend Sabbath-school, who even sometimes have Christian parents, who are without Bibles because their parents find it just all they can possibly do to fit their children out in clothes that shall be decent to wear to church. We don't always know how seldom many of our neighbors have a spare dollar. As long as there is one family Bible the buying of separate ones for individuals is put off for a "convenient season" which never comes. I can count four boys this minute—bright, intelligent, nice boys, too—who have no Bible of their own, and I can guess some others. I believe it impossible for a Christian to make the growth and advance in Christian living which he ought on just the family Bible. He must possess one of some kind which is his very own, which he can take wherever he goes, which he can mark as he chooses.

And now to go back. Let no one despise small givings. If you will try my plan you will be surprised to find how fast the "Lord's Box" will fill up, even though the "tenths" are quite small. Just see what only ten cents a week will amount to! Let me give you one or two items from a list I found once in an almanac. One cent saved each day and put at six percent interest for fifty years will yield $950. Ten cents will become $9,504. Twenty cents $19,006, and so on. Would not that do some good? Putting it at interest with the Lord will accomplish more than putting it at interest in a bank.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## HOW CHINAMEN NAME THEMSELVES.

The Chinaman's ways are peculiar, in nothing more so than in naming. According to the period of life he is in so is the name of a Chinaman, for he does not start away with a name from the beginning of his days and continue to bear it till the end thereof. At first the child bears the name of his father, whether legitimate or illegitimate; but the distinguishing mark varies according to the Province. At Pekin, for example, the children of the same family are numbered, and, in describing Chang and his family, they would say "Old Chang," "2nd Chang," "3rd Chang," etc. In Canton, the family name is followed by the affix *ah* and an agnomen. For example, the two sons of Chang might be called Chang-ah-Bold and Chang-ah-Truthful; and the two daughters, Chang-ah-Silver and Chang-ah-Modesty. In Fokien, the agnomen is simply repeated. Thus of Chang's two sons, if the eldest be Chang-Honest, the second would be Chang-Honest-Honest, and so forth. When the Chinese child goes to school (as nearly all Chinese children do), it ceases to be known by its family name, being named afresh on its appearance before the schoolmaster. Thus Second Chang might be called Quick Runner, Bright Eye, or Twinkling Star; and he is registered by the name thus fixed upon, and known by no other to his master and schoolfellows. When the youth is engaged to be married, a fresh name is given him, and from that time forth his marriage relations designate him by that name only. Again, when a youth presents himself at the public examinations for an official post, he enters himself under a name of his own choice, and for all time to come that continues to be his official name. The names of Chinese mandarins, governors, and officials generally that appear in print are not the names by which these functionaries are known in private life—known to their marriage connections, their old schoolfellows, and their kith and kin. When a distinguished Chinaman dies, the names of his lifetime die with him, and he is thereafter spoken of and remembered by his posthumous name.—*Ex.*

## A CLOCK OF SKELETONS.

We are told of a strange clock that is said to have belonged to a Hindoo prince. A large gong was hung on poles near the dial, and all about on the ground lay a pile of artificial human heads, ribs, legs and arms. The whole number of bones in the pile was equal to the number of bones in twelve perfect bodies, but the pile appeared to have been thrown together in the greatest confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, from out of the pile crawled first the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with a quick click, and when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came two arose and did likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck one after another his blow, making twelve in all, then returning fell to pieces as before.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## THE PROBLEM.

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair.
Up to our means."

—*Browning's Bishop Blougram's Apology*

## Question Corner.—No. 22.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

1. He was a Jewish nobleman.
2. He lived to the east of Jordan.
3. He took pity on a king in distress.
4. He refused all reward for his generosity.
5. He made his age a reason for not going to the king's court.
6. He allowed his son to take the honor due to him.
7. His kindness was remembered by the king even in the hour of death.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—

GILBOA.—1 Sam. xxxi. 8.

| | |
|---|---|
| G-ath | 1 Sam. xvii. 4, 7. |
| I-shbosheth | 2 Sam. ii. 8-10. |
| L-amb | 2 Sam. xii. 1-6. |
| B-east | 1 Sam. xxx 10-21. |
| O-ak | 2 Sam. xviii. 9. |
| A-ng | 1 Sam xv. 32, 33. |

BIBLICAL PYRAMID.—

S
E Y E
O N E
B E A S T
E A G L E
S O L O M O N
P L A G U E S
A H A S U E R A S
B L A M E L E S S

### GOLDEN KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.

"*Good morning!*" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "*Good night!*" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little "Thank you!" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With the "Forgive me" key I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a polite child I'll be.
—*Unionist Gazette.*

### WHAT IT DOES.

If I drink beer
It makes me queer.
If I drink ale
It makes me pale.
If I drink wine
My joys decline.
If I drink gin
It leads to sin.
If I drink rum
Sad sorrows come.
If I drink grog
I'm all agog.
Try what I will,
From vat or still,
It gives me pain
And turns my brain.
I'll leave it all
Before I fall.

### ONE HOUR.

The great clock in the church steeple struck three; the afternoon sun slowly waned, and the shadows lengthened in the streets. The clock struck four.

It was only an hour. The children playing on the sidewalk did not know that it had gone; but in it a great-hearted man had written down some strong, true words, which will live long in the world, and give courage and help to many struggling souls.

In it a chemist, working with brain and hand over carefully prepared compounds, had discovered one of the secrets of nature—how the atoms of elements group themselves to form a molecule of organic matter.

In it four women, sitting with their sewing on yonder porch, had brought out old forgotten scandals, and set them loose again in the world, like flying scorpions, to poison and to kill.

In that hour a young man in the next house to them had yielded to a temptation which never will loose its grip on him while he lives.

In the same time a woman with a child on her lap tells him a story with a high, pure meaning, which will be a "lamp to his feet" all the days of his life.

Another woman, watching silent and motionless by a sick bed, fills the hour with prayers and high thoughts, that will serve as food for her soul in the trouble which is coming to her.

How many of us remembered that the hour was passing—a servant, laden with the report which we should give to it—up to God?

What report did it carry of us? What burden are we making ready at this moment for the hour that is passing now?

"Only an hour! Yet the despised slave," says Antigonous, "may be laden with treasure that would ransom a Cæsar."—*Youth's Companion.*

## NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUM LIST

VALUABLE BOOKS AND USEFUL PRIZES.

The *Messenger* premium list for 1887-88 is an entirely new one and has been selected with great care.

Read the following list of prizes offered for the *Northern Messenger* and see how anyone with very little effort can become the owner of a nice prize.

The *Northern Messenger* may without exaggeration be described as not only one of the cheapest illustrated papers published but as perhaps the best for its price in the world, and those having received premiums last year say they had no trouble in securing subscribers as the paper is such a favorite with the old and young.

The premium list of last year was so successful and gave so much satisfaction that we have been encouraged to adopt another this year offering still greater inducements.

No home should be without books for the long winter evenings and in selecting we have chosen those that will give pleasure and profit to all who will read and learn. The prize list is not, however, confined to books.

### READ CAREFULLY.

To any subscriber sending us ONE NEW NAME along with their own subscription, at 30 cents each, we will send a copy of "MARCUS WARD'S ROYAL ILLUMINATED NURSERY RHYMES" with music. These books while specially suited for the little ones will find no lack of appreciation among those who are older. The well-known adventures of "Little Bo-Peep," the trials of "Old Mother Hubbard," and the triumph of "The Carrion Crow," all are graphically portrayed in full pag,ebeautiful colored pictures, and the rhymes set to music, so that they may be sung as well as said.

Another inducement for the little ones to work is in the second prize offered. Every boy or girl who sends us TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS and ONE RENEWAL, will receive a beautiful little story book strongly bound in cloth, with a bright picture cover, and a full page illustration on every second page.

To the person sending us FIVE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS or SEVEN RENEWALS at 30 cents each we will give their choice of any one of eight beautiful prizes, as follows:—

1. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—A book read as eagerly by young people to-day as it was by their fathers thirty odd years ago. Bound in colored cloth and illustrated by numerous colored plates.
2. BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.—A book of the same size and style as the previous, modernized from the most recent authorities and containing eight full page colored plates of birds, beasts, fishes and reptiles.
3. FAST IN THE ICE.—The thrilling story of Arctic adventure, by R. M. Ballantyne. Fascinates every boy (and many girls too) who can hardly be prevailed upon to leave it until he has finished it, and when it is done, sighs because it is too short.
4. WONDERS OF THE MINE.—By another well known writer for boys, W. H. G. Kingston. The workings of coal, iron, copper, silver, gold, quicksilver and salt mines are all described, as are also some of the great natural caves, and the whole is illustrated with thirteen cuts.
5. ILLUSTRATED NATIONAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY.—No house can afford to be without a dictionary, and here is a grand opportunity for those who need one to secure it without money and with only a trifling outlay of time.
6. AS TIME GLIDES ON,—or the months of the year in Picture and Poem. A beautiful gift book for either Christmas or birthdays, containing a poem and beautiful full page engraving for each month of the year. Illuminated cover. Ribbon tied. Measures 7 x 6 inches. The whole forming one of the daintiest gift books imaginable.
7. A SILVER-PLATED SUGAR SHELL of neat design and good quality, that needs only to be seen to speak for itself.
8. A SILVER-PLATED BUTTER KNIFE of the same quality, and pronounced remarkable for the money by all who see it.

FOR TEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, OR FIFTEEN RENEWALS at 30c each our workers will have their choice of the following:—

1. A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."—By the Rev. E. P. Roe.
2. OPENING A CHESTNUT BURR.—Two of the most popular of the Rev. E. P. Roe's widely read stories.
3. THE HOME AT GREYLOCK.—By the author of that well-known girl's story "Stepping Heavenward."
4. BEN HUR, by General Lew Wallace, considered by many the best tale of the time of our Saviour ever written. The chapter describing the Roman Chariot Race is worth the whole cost of the book.
5. THE PEEP OF DAY.—A book the popularity of which may be judged by the fact that the edition we now offer is from the English edition of the four hundred and second thousand. This book gives all the leading Bible stories from Genesis to Revelation in language which the child of five or even three years old will appreciate and enjoy and is of untold help to fathers and mothers in the early training of their little ones. The book is strongly and beautifully bound and illustrated with twelve full page engravings.
6. MRS SOLOMON SMITH LOOKING ON.—By "Pansy;"
7. THE POCKET MEASURE.—By "Pansy;"
8. THREE PEOPLE.—By "Pansy;"—Mrs. Alden's books bring their character with them, and a sufficient recommendation of the brightness and wholesomeness of any story is the fact that it was written by "Pansy." This we feel will be an unusually welcome offer, as hitherto the "Pansy" books could not be procured for less than $1.50.
9. SLICED ANIMALS.—A large box of brilliantly colored pictures of all sorts of animals on strong pasteboard. These pictures are each cut in a number of strips and mixed together affording children, and not very young children either, many hours of keenest enjoyment and wholesome instruction during the long winter evenings in the work of putting these dissected animals together again.
10. A SILVER PLATED SUGAR SHELL AND BUTTER KNIFE.—The two useful articles of silverware mentioned above.

FOR FIFTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS, OR TWENTY RENEWALS AT 30c each:—

1. TOM BROWN AT RUGBY.—By Thomas Hughes, a book that will be of interest to school boys while a school boy lives.
2. DRAYTON HALL.—By the author of "Little Katy and Jolly Jim," six capital stories in one volume, viz:—Laurence Bronson's Victory," "Christy's Grandson," "Allan Haywood," "Frank Austin's Diamond," "Eagle Crag" and "True to His Flag."
3. THE LAMPLIGHTER.—By Maria S. Cummins, a new edition beautifully bound in blue and gold.
4. THE REVISED BIBLE.—A neat, stiff, cloth-covered edition, with red edge. The revised edition of the whole Bible should be in the hands of every Bible student in the country.

TWENTY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE *Northern Messenger* OR THIRTY RENEWALS AT 30c each entitles the sender to any one of the following premiums:—

1. A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM fitted for both cabinet photos and cards, with a number of the pages illuminated.
2. A LADY'S BLACK HAND SATCHEL, medium size.
3. A WRITING PAD containing inkbottle, pens, pencil, knife, boxes for pens and stamps, pockets for note paper and envelopes.
4. A NICKLE PLATED CLOCK.—Durable, a good timekeeper, and can be carried about the house without injury. It is wound and set at the back and runs for thirty-six hours. No danger of losing the key as it is fastened to the clock.
5. TENNYSON'S POEMS.—A handsome, red line edition, gilt edged.
6. LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.—Beautiful edition, red lined and gilt edged.
7. SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS in same style as 5 and 6.

When working for prizes mark each letter IN COMPETITION so that it will be placed to your credit.

Commence canvassing at once and new subscribers will receive the balance of 1887 free.

Sample copies and blank forms supplied on application by post card.

Remittances should be made by registered letter or money order and each name with P. O. address and Province should be written very plainly so as to avoid any mistake.

In selecting the prize be careful to mention correctly the one earned.

Address all communications

JOHN DOUGALL, & SON.,
*Witness* Office,
Montreal.

### WHAT THOSE WHO GET THEM SAY:

Read the following letters from a few who received prizes last year.

"*It is with pleasure I write to let you know* that the book came safe to hand. I like it very much, it contains exactly what I wanted."

"I received my prize. It is a beautiful book and doubly worth all the trouble I took to obtain it and I shall not fail to show it to my friends."

"I received the prize book. We were all very much pleased with it, so nicely bound and such good print. I will try and get more subscribers for your valuable papers."

"It is with much pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of "The Pillar of Fire." It is an excellent book and I consider myself well repaid for my trouble."

"I received the book you sent me all right, entitled "The Pillar of Fire;" I like it very well."

"I received your prize and am very much pleased with it. It is a nicer and better book than I expected."

"I received the *Northern Messenger* Prize Book "Little Women" and was well pleased. I shall try to induce others to become possessors of same."

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

### CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 copy, | 30 cents |
| 10 copies | $ 2 50 |
| 25 copies | 6 00 |
| 50 copies | 11 50 |
| 100 copies | 22 00 |
| 1,000 copies | 200 00 |

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS $1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

90 LOVELY SCRAP PICTURES.—Agents' Canvassing Outfit Cards and Novelties, with private terms Also, 25 large Rich Embossed Motto and Verse Chromos. Your name on each for only 10c silver. Address EUREKA CARD CO. Bolton, Que.

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 25 NEW FLORAL HIDDEN NAME CARDS, and 32p. Book of Agent's Samples sent post-paid for 20 cents. RAY CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn

PUNY BABIES

can only be made strong by giving them a food identical in effect with mother's milk. Such is the Lactated Food. It is easily digested, and assimilated, and prevents or cures all bowel disorders.

7¾ Cords of Beech have been Sawed by one man in nine hours. Hundreds have sawed 5 and 6 cords daily. "Exactly" what every Farmer and Wood Chopper wants. *First order from your vicinity secures the Agency.* No Duty to pay, we manufacture in Canada. Write for Illustrated Catalogue sent FREE to all. Address FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 to 311 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal, and James Duncan Dougall, of New York.